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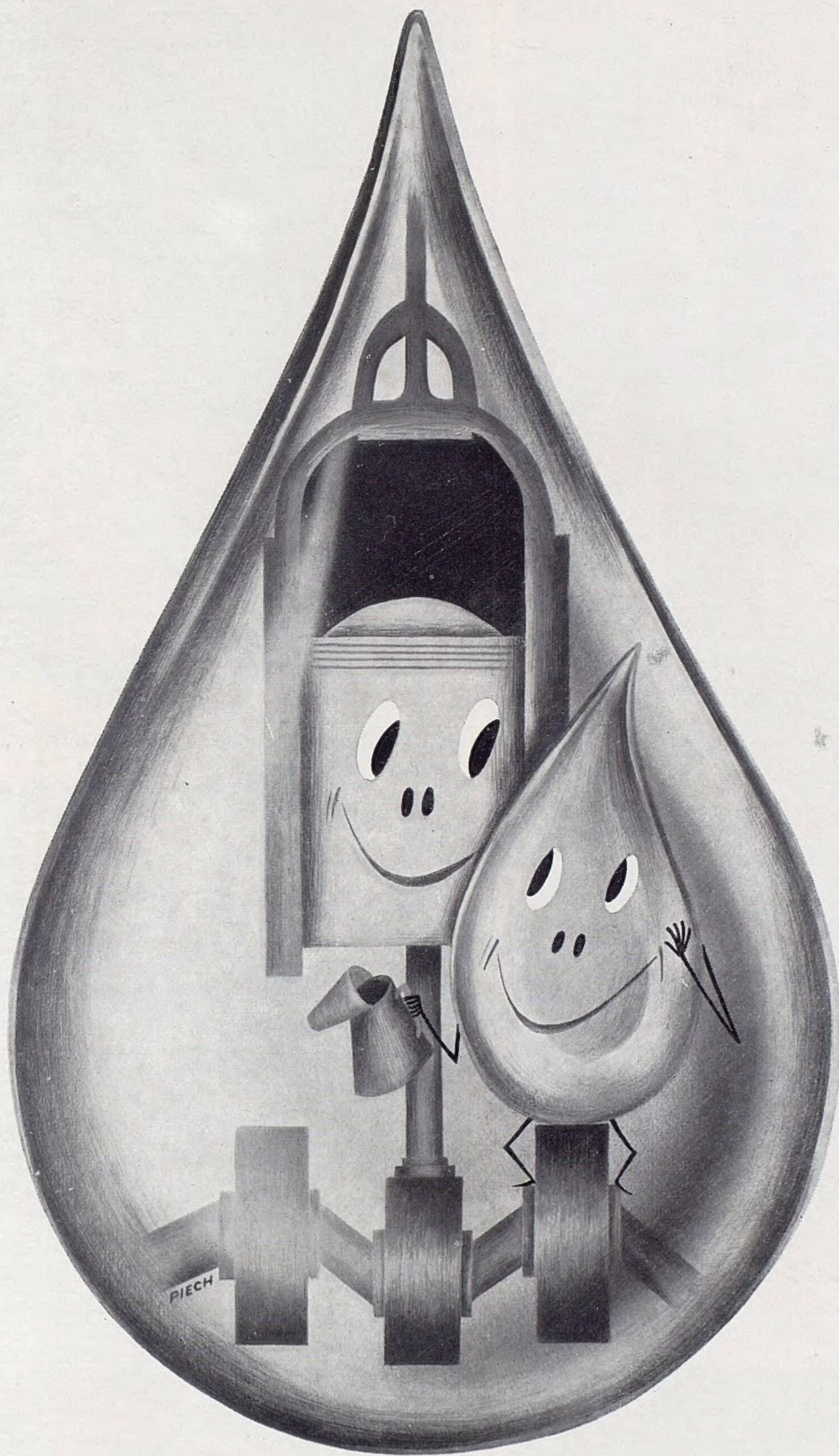
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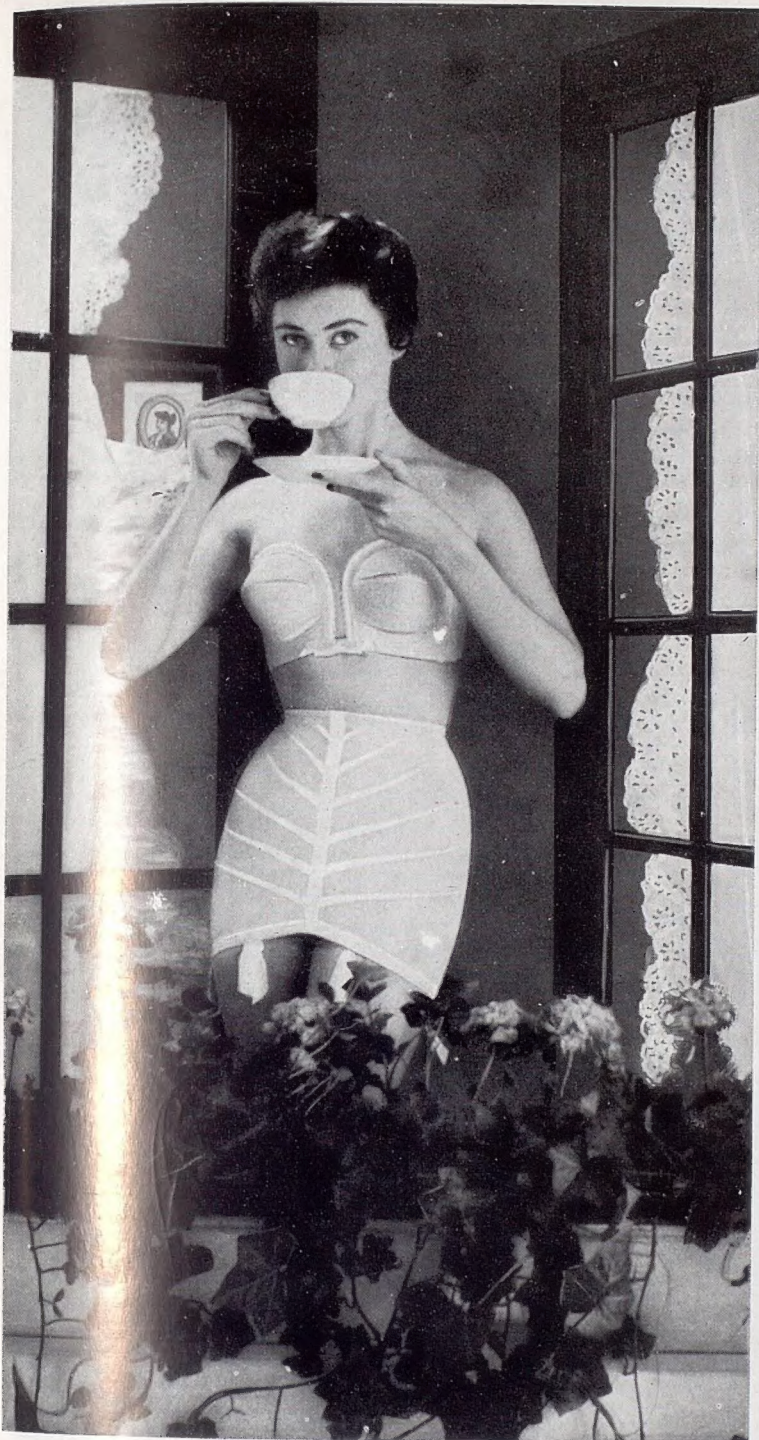
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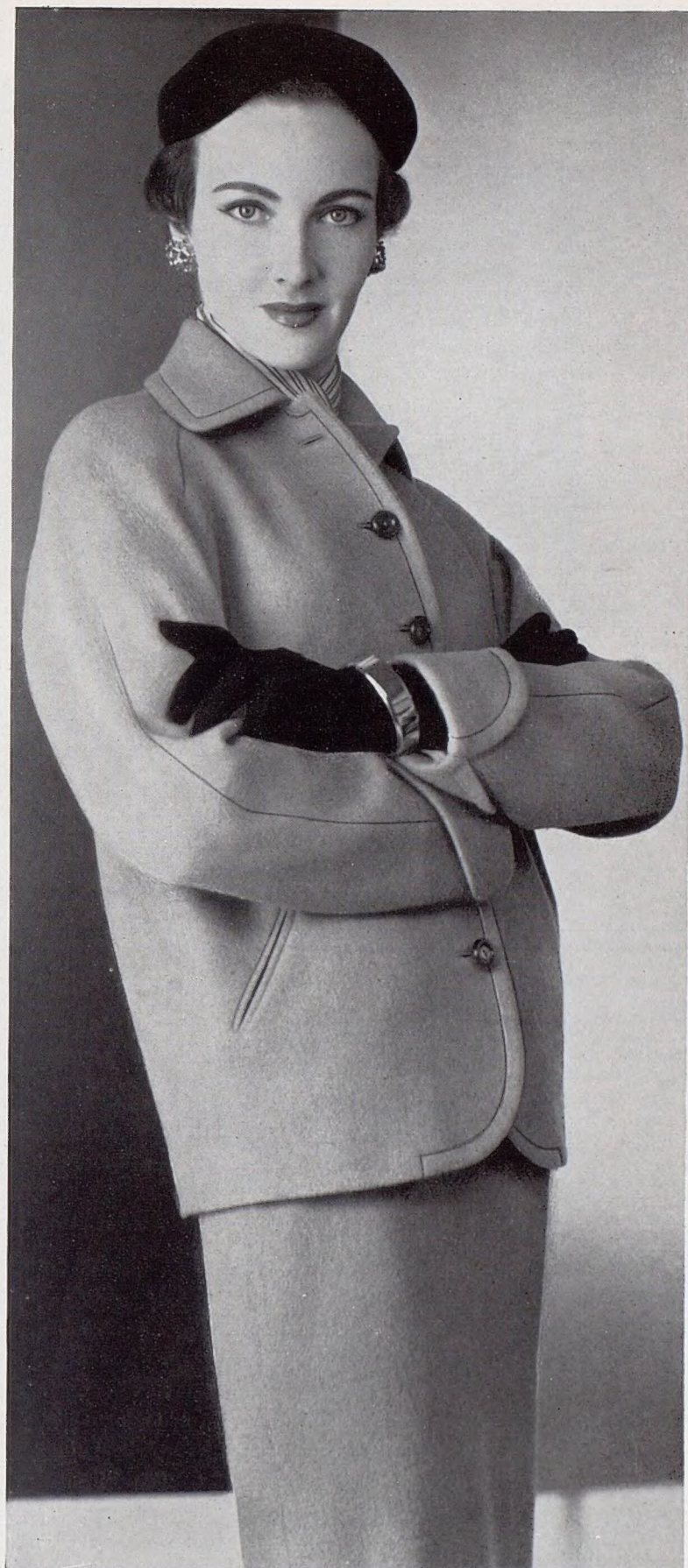
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THE YOUNG CAVALIER CHOOSES HIS TOKEN

THE bouquet of spring flowers carried by Tessa More O'Ferrall won the approval of the Hon. David Lloyd George, great-grandson of the famous statesman, who at three years old showed more of a leaning toward horticulture than the House of Commons. The children were in attendance at the Worsley-Nash wedding, more pictures of which appear on pages 208 and 209



CANDLES JEWELLED A CAKE FOR MISS KIRWAN-TAYLOR

TO mark the coming-of-age of their daughter Fleur, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirwan-Taylor gave a cocktail party at their flat in Hans Court, S.W. Over a hundred guests were present to watch the ceremony of cake cutting and raise their glasses in a toast wishing Miss Kirwan-Taylor happiness and good fortune in the years to come



Before going to bed, five-year-old Tessa came down for a short time to see her sister's guests. With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirwan-Taylor, she took a delighted view of the proceedings

Social Journal

Jennifer

PC 1953 (Prince Charles)

Watches His Step

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are now back at Clarence House after a country holiday at Sandringham. Prince Charles and Princess Anne are also back and are staying with their grandmother in their parents' absence. Although the house party at Sandringham was smaller than usual for Christmas, with only the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their sons staying, it was soon augmented after the holidays.

First the Duchess of Kent and her young family, who had all spent Christmas at her country home, Copples, came on to Sandringham for a few days before the New Year. The Duke of Kent has now returned to continue his military training, Princess Alexandra is back finishing her education in Paris and Prince Michael has started the new term at his preparatory school. The Duchess of Kent's sister, Princess Olga with her husband Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and their daughter Princess Elizabeth, also paid a short visit to Sandringham. Since then several young friends of Princess Margaret have been staying there, enjoying very good shooting around the Royal coverts.

PRINCE CHARLES was delighted to have his cousins Prince William, Prince Richard and Prince Michael in the house, as like all small boys he is always thrilled to have friends or relations a little older than himself to play with. The young Princes were all charming to the junior member of the house party, Princess Anne, who is very plucky and always ready to join in their games. For the older cousins, too, it was a great opportunity to talk over all they had done in the previous three months, and, like other schoolboys, compare the achievements of their two schools, as the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's two sons are at a preparatory school in Broadstairs and Prince Michael at Fox's at Sunningdale.

Although Prince Charles and Princess Anne had many presents at Christmas including two tri-cycles, I am told Prince Charles's favourite toy is the miniature car which he has had since last summer and in which he spent many hours round the grounds at Balmoral and later at Royal Lodge, Windsor, where it is kept for the winter. This is an

open model and a true miniature of some of the Royal cars, painted dark green with a thin red line. It has an electric motor with four speeds and in top can do a maximum of six miles an hour, but I understand the young Prince has been limited to using two speeds which enable him to cruise at about three miles an hour. He has a bell instead of a horn, an A.A. badge on the bonnet and his number plate is PC 1953. Prince Charles still has L plates on his car, but I believe his parents have promised that these shall be removed if he still has the car in good condition, has not bumped into too many trees and is driving carefully by their return this summer.

He takes great care of this little vehicle and assiduously cleans it himself, using a sponge and chamois leather like the Royal chauffeurs. Sometimes his little sister joins in helping him to polish this favourite toy.

FOR the next few weeks both the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have a full programme of engagements. For the Queen Mother these include six Investitures, the two Presentation Parties, dining with the 650 London Squadron at Finsbury Barracks, and an afternoon party given by the Dominions Fellowship Trust.

Princess Margaret will be visiting the Ideal Home Exhibition, laying the foundation stone for a new church in Plaistow and attending a concert in aid of the National Polio Research Fund.

★ ★ ★

THE National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, which does so much good among the youth of the nation today, has a great friend in Lady Bridget Clark, who worked exceedingly hard as chairman of "Le Bal Masque" recently held at Hutchinson House, far better known as the residence of the Earls of Derby, to raise funds for the association. Incidentally I think it was the first charity ball to be held in this magnificent house, the scene of many wonderful parties in prewar days. All the rooms were candlelit, and the masks were varied

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. Jeremy Fry had a cocktail with his fiancée, Miss Camilla Grinling, before the cake was cut



Other guests at this enjoyable party in Knightsbridge were Lord John Manners, Mlle. Yolande Bonvouloir and Mr. Gavin Welby



Three sisters, the Misses Jane, Caroline and Shirley Kirwan-Taylor, were early arrivals for their cousin's party



Miss Veronica Waugh, Miss Shane Newton and Mr. Charles MacArthur-Hardy were greatly enjoying themselves

BRIDE FROM SUSSEX AT ST. MARGARET'S

MISS JULIET NASH, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Nash, of Ellens Green, Sussex, chose St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her marriage to Mr. Richard Worsley. The reception which followed was given at the Dorchester, where she and her husband cut their four-tiered wedding cake and received good wishes before leaving for a honeymoon in America and the West Indies



Mrs. and Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, whose daughter was a child bridesmaid, chatted to the Hon. Mrs. Kim Holman



Mrs. John Bradford congratulated Sir Joseph Napier on his excellent speech proposing the health of the bride and groom



Mr. Michael Worsley, who was best man to his brother, was in conversation with one of the bridesmaids, Miss Derris Kemble



Other guests were Mr. John Partridge, who escorted his fiancée the Hon. Caroline Cust, daughter of Lord Brownlow

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Flowers And Feathers Satins And Lace

and some of them quite beautiful. Flowers, feathers, sequins and semi-precious stones mingled with satins and lace had been used in their making.

It was a very gay evening right from the start, partly because it was so interesting to try to recognize one's friends. Many men came masked, too, though it was optional for them—and compulsory for the women. The whole ball was run like a private dance, there being no tombolas or sideshows, or the usual big lucky programme. Instead the small, old-fashioned dance programmes were numbered and the lucky ones won a prize.

MORE than fifty private dinner parties were given for the dance. One of the biggest of these was at the Spanish Embassy. The Ambassador's guests, who all came on to the ball, included Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia who was its honorary treasurer, the Portuguese Ambassador, Earl and Countess Beatty, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones and Col. and Mrs. "Jackie" Ward, the latter looking charming in a black velvet dress with a white top and a mask made to resemble a swallow with green sequins all round the eyes. Their daughter, Miss "Diddy" Ward, wore an enchanting pale pink mask in the form of a butterfly and edged with white ospreys, with a frilled white lace dress. Others in the Ambassador's party included Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Viscountess Melgund in a rose petal dress with a mask made as a rose, one of the prettiest there, Mr. "Chips" Channon, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Prince Radziwill, Mr. Peter Coats, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan.

The Countess of Cromer who was president of the ball committee brought a party of eighteen, and Lady Bridget Clark, a striking figure in a Mephistopheles mask encrusted with jewels, which she wore with a white moiré dress, brought a dinner party of twenty including the Earl of Dudley, Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset and Mr.

Billy Wallace, who was one of the judges with Mrs. Gerald Legge, Viscount Duncannon, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Barbara Goalen. Many of the masks at the ball had been designed by Lady George Scott who herself wore a lovely creation resembling a poinsettia.

Mrs. Legge, who wore a headdress and mask for the occasion made of silver stars, with a midnight blue dress, and her husband dined with the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry who brought another big party, Mrs. Berry wearing a most becoming pink feather mask with a pink chiffon dress, while Mrs. Ian Farquhar who was in the same party with her husband wore a Venetian mask with a tricorn hat.

I also saw the Hon. John Norton, Lord Plunket, Mr. Peter Ward and the Hon. Dominic Elliot. Others who had dinner parties included the Colombian Ambassador, Viscount Astor and Baroness Ravensdale.

Judging the masks took place about 11.30 p.m. and the Countess of Cromer presented the prizes at midnight. Among the winners were Lady George Scott, Baroness Ravensdale, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe and Miss "Diddy" Ward, Countess Beatty and the Countess Robiant. Pictures will be found on pages 222 and 223.

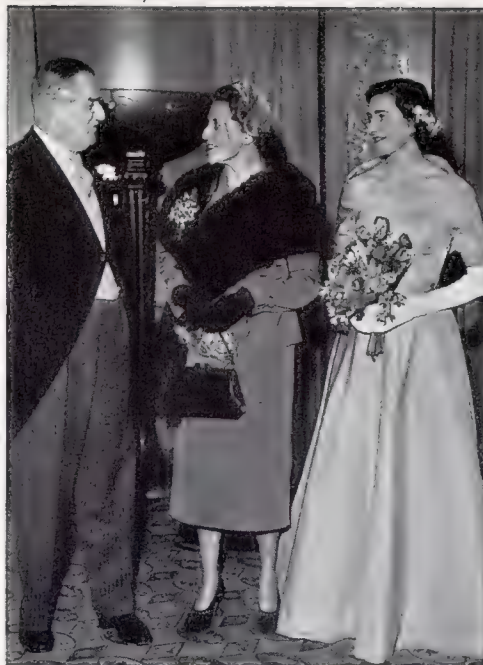
★ ★ ★

VASES of beautiful spring flowers decorated St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for the marriage of Miss Juliet Nash, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nash of Ellens Green, Rudgwick, Sussex, to Mr. Richard Worsley, son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley and Mrs. Victor Jones of Broxmead, Cuckfield.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory satin with the heart-shaped neckline embroidered in pearls. Her tulle veil was held in place by a headdress of orange blossom and lilies of the valley, and she carried a bouquet



Viscount Gwynedd escorted Viscountess Gwynedd, their elder son carried out the duties of page



The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Nash, waited to receive with their younger daughter, Miss Valentine Nash



The bridegroom, eldest son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley, drank a glass of champagne with his wife

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spring flowers. She was attended by four the Hon. David Lloyd George, who was wearing a blue velvet jacket and lace with white satin breeches, also the bridegroom's cousin Belinda Napier, Mary Ann Phillips and a More O'Ferrall. The four grown-up brides were the bride's sister Miss Valentine Nash, her cousin Miss Derris Kemble, Miss Valda Rogers and Miss Caroline Whittington. The bride wore a long delphinium-blue organza dress with boleros and headdresses of mixed spring which also created their bouquets.

A the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at the Dorchester. They received the guests in the Silver Room before they went into the wedding room, Mrs. Nash wearing a blue-grey gown with a small velvet hat to match. With her husband, Mr. Nash stood the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Burt Jones, wearing a beige ensemble and hat to match with a sable stole, and the bridegroom's stepfather, Mr. Victor Jones. Among the 800 relatives and friends at this wedding were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Kemble, in burgundy velvet, the bridegroom's uncle, Mr. Arthur Napier and his wife and their daughters Mary Rose and Angela (their other daughter Belinda was one of the little bridesmaids), Miss Jennifer Clark, the bride's uncle, Cdr. Kemble with Mrs. Kemble, who wore a smoke blue

fox stole on her black dress with a little pink satin hat, and Earl Winterton for whom the bride has for some time been doing secretarial work. Both bride and bridegroom are keen on riding, and first met out hunting. They were introduced by Mrs. Gregson, Master of the Crawley and Horsham, who was at the wedding and gave the bride a present of Hunt buttons.

OTHER guests at this big wedding included the Hon. Lady Egerton, Viscountess Elibank in her wheelchair greeting countless friends, Sir Albert and Lady Napier—he is the bridegroom's great uncle—Capt. and Mrs. John Pares-Wilson, and Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd, the latter wearing a small white feathered hat with a black velvet coat. Mrs. Colin Kingham, who came with her husband, wore a little black hat and black dress under her mink coat. I also saw the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Portman, Lady Hindlip, Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Miss Nichola McBean, Lady Rotherwick, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, Mr. Michael Worsley, who was best man to his brother, and Sir Joseph and Lady Napier. Sir Joseph made an excellent impromptu speech proposing the health of the bride and groom, as Lord Parmoor who was to have spoken was unable to be present. Three friends of the family for very many years who came to wish the young couple happiness were

Mrs. Burt, the bridegroom's nanny, Miss Robertson, the bride's nanny, and Miss Winifred Shaw, who was nanny to the bride's mother.

When the bride and bridegroom, both looking supremely happy, left for their honeymoon in America and the Bahamas, the bride wore a long coat of a coral tweed over a dress to match and a little brown hat.

★ ★ ★

MONSIEUR Guy Nery of the Uruguayan Embassy, and Mme. Nery, gave a delightful housewarming party at their new home in Lexham Gardens. This is part of the house belonging to Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett who was a guest at the party. She still has a London *pied-à-terre* here on the ground floor, as well as her home in the country, but as a town house it was too big for her now that both her son and daughter are married. With its fine nurseries and other rooms the Nerys find it admirable.

Mme. Nery, who wore a short black lace dress, and her husband were going round introducing guests, among whom were the Nepalese Ambassador and his charming wife, who was wearing a beautiful sari. The Uruguayan Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Brondi, Sir Charles and Lady Russell who

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. Michael Inchbald and his fiancée, Miss Jaqueline Bromley, watched friends arrive at this excellent party, which is described above



Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett (centre) with the host and hostess, Señora and Señor G. Nery. Their new home is in Lexham Gardens, W.8



Señor L. H. Close-Pozzo, of the Uruguayan Embassy, Mrs. Paula Piper and Señor Fernando Taurez, Argentinian Consul-General

More Than Fifty Guests Attended A House Warming Given By The Uruguayan Embassy Secretary

Social Journal (Contd.)

Plans For A Concert

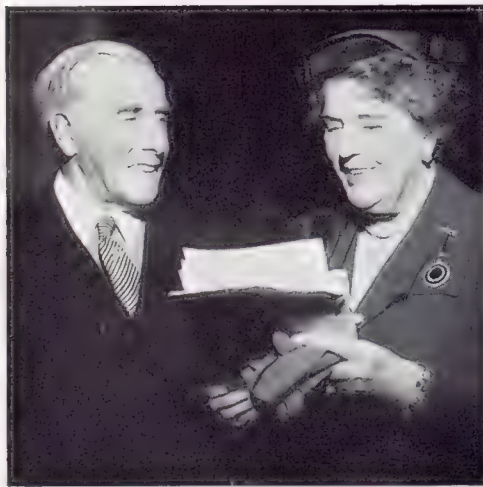


The Duchess of Marlborough, C.B.E., president, discussed details with the hon. treasurer, Lord Ogilvy. The concert is planned to take place at the Royal Festival Hall on March '22

AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE a committee met to arrange details for an orchestral concert in aid of the Y.W.C.A., at which H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has promised to be present. A large company attended and were unanimous in their enthusiasm and support



Lady Wilson, a member of the executive committee, chatted to Miss Joan Russell-Smith, the organizer



Also at this preliminary meeting were Sir Robert Bird, Bt., and Lady Bird, chairman of the concert committee



Countess Fortescue, National President of the Y.W.C.A., was leaving the State Apartments of the Palace with committee members Lady Cynthia Asquith and Mrs. Moir Carnegie. There were more than 150 guests at the meeting

were greeting numerous friends, Señor and Señora Francisco Bengolea of the Argentine Embassy, Señor and Señora Lopez Ortigosa of the Mexican Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, the latter in a red dress and little black hat, and the hostess's mother, Mrs. Pamela Sinclair.

★ ★ ★

SINCE I returned from Switzerland, where I wrote about two English girls Miss Addie Pryor and Miss Meriel Gold ski jumping at Wengen, I have heard of three young men enthusiasts who have been trying their skill at this sport. The first is nineteen-year-old Charlach Mackintosh, younger son of Mr. Christopher Mackintosh and Lady Jean Zinovieff. He comes from a great ski-ing family, his father's exploits, including jumping, being legendary in Switzerland, while his brother Douglas and his sisters Sheena (now Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary) and Miss Vora Mackintosh were all international skiers. He recently jumped 28 metres at Wengen.

Two younger enthusiasts who both put up splendid efforts were fifteen-year-old Martin Hall who cleared 22 metres, and seventeen-year-old Robin Lilly who achieved a length of 24 metres on the Mannlichen jump at Wengen after dark by floodlight. Both these boys ski well but had never jumped before this season. A lot of the credit for doing so well in their first year and in their first competition (they represented the Ski Club of Great Britain) is due to the initiative and guidance of Lt.-Col. Percy Legard, several times S.C.G.B. ski-jumping champion who put them on the right lines.

I noticed when I was at Wengen that Lt.-Col. Legard was tireless in his efforts to help the young to ski-jump and I heard ten-year-olds and upwards, fired with enthusiasm, asking if he would be able to give them a lesson that day, whatever the weather conditions. He had got jumps made in the snow suitable for the youngest novice and it was amazing how quickly they got going.

★ ★ ★

THE Duchess of Marlborough, president, and Lady Bird, the chairman, sent out invitations for a committee meeting in the State Apartments of St. James's Palace to discuss plans for the Y.W.C.A. Royal Festival Hall concert. This is to take place on March 22, and the Duchess of Kent has kindly promised to attend. A wonderful programme of music, part of which is being broadcast, has been arranged. Mme. Monique Haas, the celebrated French pianist, and Miss Isobel Baillie the English soprano are generously giving their services, as well as Sir Adrian Boult who will be conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Lady Bird took the chair at the meeting and spoke, as always, very well. Beside her at the chairman's table sat the Duchess of Marlborough, Countess Fortescue and Lord Ogilvy who is the honorary treasurer. At the end of the meeting Sir Robert Bird rose and donated 150 guineas, which is half the cost of the orchestra.

Mr. William Clôwes, who spoke at the meeting, made the gathering laugh when he said that the Y.W.C.A. looked after him during the war from Pirbright to the Pyrenees with cups of hot tea from their mobile canteens, and it was known that the best cup of tea you could get in Italy was at the Y.W.C.A. in Naples!

There must be millions of Service men and women who have similar recollections of what the Y.W.C.A. did for them during those difficult years.

Lady Ogilvy came to the meeting and I saw Princess Galitzine, who is extremely musical, the Hon. Mrs. Jock Skeffington, Miss Molly Hudson and Lady Grantchester among the 150 guests.

The Duchess of Marlborough emphasized in her speech her hope that all present would do something to help. Tickets for the concert may be had from the Y.W.C.A. National Office, Baker Street, W.1.

On the same evening Lady Tedder held a committee meeting to discuss plans for the fifth "300 Party" which is to take place at the May Fair Hotel on March 23 in aid of the Korea and Far East Forces Comforts Fund.

This fund was organized to make possible the supply of extra comforts, games and amenities to our troops in this area. They send out about 500 parcels a month. Although an armistice has been signed in Korea it must not be forgotten that we still have some thousands of men out there living in lonely spots, intensely cold, with few amenities, clearing up and waiting to hand over when peace is eventually signed. These men, many of whom are National Service men, must not be allowed to feel that they are forgotten. Pictures of the meeting will be found on page 217.

At the "300 Party" which is from 8.30 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. there will be, besides dinner and dancing, a cabaret at midnight. Among those who came along to give their support to this good cause were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, president of the party, Lady Ellenborough and Mrs. Freedman. Tickets from Lady Tedder, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

ONCE Christmas is over, numerous people pack their bags and make for the sunshine. South Africa is a favourite choice, especially when you can afford the time for a sea voyage. Among those who have chosen this form of trip are Sir Arthur and Lady Croft who left on the Union-Castle liner Winchester Castle last month. Lord and Lady Bicester left a week later on the Capetown Castle. They nearly always choose to go to South Africa for some weeks in the winter, and usually return just in time for the Grand National. Last time, saw Lord Bicester he did not think he would have a runner this year.

Lord Catto, Governor of the Bank of England from 1944-49, and Lady Catto were in the same ship. Other fellow passengers included Viscount Hall, Sir John Conybeare the physician, and Sir Frederick and Lady Wills. Lord and Lady Belper have also gone to South Africa and Sir Henry and Lady Bice sailed for the same destination at the end of the school holidays. Sir Henry, like several others have mentioned, has to leave England for health reasons during part of each winter, and was returning to South Africa for the second year running.

But Sir Charles and Lady Venables-Llewelyn, Sir Thomas and Lady Fairbank, Sir Stanley and Lady Marie-Miller, Rose Marchioness of Headfort and Lord Kenelm and Lady Lister-Kaye have also gone off by sea. The Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, in contrast to the longer journey, flew out to Rhodesia and South Africa. The Earl and Countess of Halifax, Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey and Lady Blake and Sir Christopher Musgrave and Mrs. Musgrave, who live near Belfast, made the shorter journey to Madeira in search of sunshine.

Many more have made their way by sea or air to the Bahamas and other parts of the West Indies, and of these I hope to be writing shortly:

SEVERAL Members of Parliament who could not go so far afield chose the charm of Monte Carlo for a brief rest before Parliament re-assembled for the present session. These included Major the Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George, the Minister of Food and M.P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, North, and his wife, Cdr. Ronald Scott-Miller, M.P. for King's Lynn and Mrs. Scott-Miller, who motored down, and Lord and Lady Dovercourt who have since left by sea for South Africa. He received his peerage in the recent New Year Honours and is perhaps better known as Sir Stanley Holmes, who was member for Harwich from 1935 until his recent elevation.

Lord and Lady Sackville also left Knole, their historic home in Kent, for the sunshine of Monaco, where other guests included Sir Alfred and Lady Knox, Sir Robert and Lady Ropner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle and the Duchess of Newcastle, who stayed on for a short visit after driving in that test of endurance, the Monte Carlo Car Rally. I hear from friends who have returned that the London Festival Ballet has had a tremendous success with its season down there.

Royal Norfolk Regiment Ball: In our issue of February 3 we described Sir William Rowley, Bt., of the Manor, Old Buckenham, as Sir Charles Rowley, Bt. For this error we offer apologies.



Miss Belinda Cuthbert, whose mother is lady-in-waiting to the Princess Royal, greeted Miss Kathleen Skinner of Adelaide and Mr. John Ley of Hobart, Tasmania

THE VICTORIA LEAGUE were the hosts at a party at their headquarters in Chesham Place to mark Australia Day. Lady Graeme Thomson and Lady Hickson received, while Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, the chairman, and his wife also came to renew old friendships



Col. R. W. Hills, O.B.E., M.C., secretary of the League, was in conversation with a guest from Melbourne, Miss Alison Ewart



Miss Diana Moody, from Adelaide, and Miss Nell Pallin, from Melbourne, were two of the hundred guests from Australasia

Van Hallan



Down one of the beautiful staircases were coming Mrs. Metcalfe, Mr. J. E. Doniger, Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald and Major J. P. Metcalfe

"BY PERMISSION OF THE TARPORLEY"

IN its origin, in the 1760s, the Cheshire was closely associated with a sister hunt, the Tarporley, which though no longer active in the field, still exerts a powerful influence. The Tarporley Hunt Club is now considered the oldest in England, and is one of the most exclusive in the country. In fact, the Cheshire today hunts by courtesy of that club, whose headquarters are at the Swan Hotel, Tarporley. Its gatherings are held in the same room which saw the club's inception in the year 1762



Mrs. R. Lee and Sir John Barlow, Bt., M.P., were looking on for a few minutes before joining in the dance

A NIGHT OF COURTLY PLEASURE WITH THE CHESHIRE HUNT

THE Cheshire Hunt Ball proved a most delightful occasion for followers and their friends. It was given at Capesthorpe Hall, near Macclesfield, by permission of Lt.-Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, M.P. for the Knutsford Division of Cheshire. This fine old Elizabethan mansion offered many pleasures besides those of the ballroom, and perhaps, in such agreeable surroundings there was as much incentive to conversation and reflection as to dancing



The striking evening dress of the Tarporley was shown to full effect by Sir. John Dixon, who was here in conversation, in a charming ante-room, with Mr. C. Brocklehurst, and the Countess of Rocksavage, who had come over from Malpas



Chatting in a corner hung with Old Masters were Lt.-Col. R. B. Verdin, T.D., Viscountess Overhulme and Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, the chatelaine of Capesthorpe Hall



The clever disposition of flowers and shrubs added greatly to the amenities of the evening. In the "garden niche" Mr. Hugo Arnold and Mr. Peter Malpas were chatting with Miss Heather Arnold and Miss Geraldine Taylor



Before a great mirror with gilded ornaments stood Major A. L. Grant, the Countess of Rocksavage, Mrs. and Major Humphrey Vernon, Mr. Richard F. Haworth, joint-Master of the Hunt, and Mrs. A. W. H. Grant

AT THE RACES

A Poser For The Bench

• Sabretache •

THE law, as we have been told by one of our brightest intellects, is "the embodiment of everything that is excellent," and a good many of us, no doubt, are quite prepared to bend a sympathetic ear to this statement; on the other hand a good many won't. In view of the dusty road the law is compelled to travel, we should not grudge it any ray of light which may break upon it, even if it is introduced by the means of the turf and a few racehorses!

Let us take a recent instance, in which a professional witness had to try to make his Lordship and the jury, and even the Bar, understand the fine point of difference between "Mug's Money" and "Live Money," and the way in which a thing called "The Blower" operated. Whether the ingenious witness succeeded or not we cannot possibly know. The law gets so little fun, even though, perhaps, in some Walpurgis dream it may see an Equity of Redemption having one for the road with a Mandamus, or an Ad Captandum flirting with a Nolle Prosequi. We cannot but recall the fact that upon one occasion it had to be explained to M'lud that a "Bookmaker" was not the same kind of person as, say, William Shakespeare or even Winston Churchill.

VERY rightly the law takes no cognizance of that abominable thing called slang, and in this recent case it was somewhat surprising to find that the learned judge did not demand from the Bar a more lucid explanation of the word "Mug." I confess to a pained surprise. The climax would seem to have been reached when learned counsel suggested that the two horses which were really the foundation of the whole affair, should be produced in court (exhibits A and B we must suppose) for the jury's inspection. How this was to be done was not succinctly stated, and whether, if it had, the jury would have been much wiser is a moot point, in view of the fact that some jurymen might not know which end of a horse bites and which kicks. Personally I feel that the proceeding would not have furthered the ends of justice in any way, however much it may have amused the audience in the public galleries; for figure to yourself two horses, pig fat and bucking fresh, that had not been doing any real work for months.

SUCH a pair might have caused even more casualties at the Old Bailey than can happen in the Grand National. Leading counsel and even his Lordship might have come by grievous injury, but junior counsel, being more agile, and some instructing solicitors *might* have escaped; but this is by no means certain.

No; however anxious an enthusiastic Q.C. may be to ram home a point for his client, for goodness sake let us keep restive racehorses out of it, for some of us happen to know what a lot of mischief they can do. Supposing the animals alleged to have been "rung in" had been Nubian lions or Bengal tigers, would counsel still have pressed his point? However, we ought to be thankful for this light relief; and can now return to the deadly dull task of trying to find the winners of the Spring Double.





WIFELY ENCOURAGEMENT by Marion Castle (Renée Asherson), as her husband Charles (Sam Wanamaker) attacks the Hollywood hierarchy of Marcus Hoff (Frederick Valk), Smiley Coy (George Coulouris) and Nat Danziger (Meier Tzelniker)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Big Knife" (Duke of York's)

WE can believe comfortably enough in the Hollywood of comic satire, a place on the lunatic fringe of Big Business where the funniest things actually happen. But this is Hollywood fiercely pictured by a flamingly angry Left Wing dramatist, and we hardly know what to make of it. All the people concerned seem as remote and as grimly alien as though they belonged to another planet.

Mr. Clifford Odets is usually angry, but sometimes, as in *Golden Boy*, he can make his anger sing. In this piece the notes are struck with hard anger, but no recognizable tune comes. Taut, nervous dialogue reveals a lot of mental agony, but the man who suffers—a film star of world-wide popularity—feels too sorry for himself for us to take him with the author's tragic seriousness.

The play's failure is to impress us with the essential honesty of the agonized film star. He has been a good actor once, and he might be a good actor again if he left Hollywood and easy money for the stage. He has to consider signing a long-term contract which he knows will be his ruin as an artist.

HIS wife has only a much shaken faith in him as a man, but she continues to believe in him as an artist. His signing of the contract will break up a marriage which has already known reconciliations and will not bear another. He has not the courage to refuse to sign the contract. It then appears that his marriage will after all bear one more reconciliation. He goes on agonizing, but we cannot help suspecting that all his talk about resuming his art is rather like the talk of a dipsomaniac about resuming sobriety. He has no real relish for the prospect.

Since we do not seriously believe in him as an artist, we have to do what we can to sympathize with him as a man.

There again he lets us down. The man is in a particularly nasty predicament. Driving a car while under the influence of drink he has happened some time ago to kill a child. Some colleague with no great

box office name to lose took the rap; and the true facts of the case are known to the tycoon who is making him the prisoner of a long contract.

IT needs only one or two perfunctorily arranged complications for the predicament to take on an even nastier look. A small part studio actress is in the secret. The tycoon has only to lose his temper with the girl and all his yes-men are at the unfortunate film star telling him that the only way to buy the girl's silence is to marry her. The general shamelessness of the demand surprises him not at all (Hollywood is like that); but he feels its force and in a sudden access of self-pity makes an end of himself.

We are not quite sure what we are supposed to feel: pity for a great artist done to death by the brutalities of Hollywood, or admiration for a man who has struggled against great odds to keep possession of his soul. We cannot help noting, however, that remorse for the killing of a child while drunkenly driving a car plays but a small part in his long-drawn-out agony.

THE whole drama is pitched on a note of high tension. Mr. Sam Wanamaker sustains this tension resourcefully enough. Whether pleading abjectly for his wife's forgiveness, repelling the extraordinarily direct advances of other women or drinking himself into a state of violent self-pity, he keeps the character alive, but he cannot give the more or less continuous struggle for self-justification anything approaching tragic significance.

Mr. Frederick Valk has one good scene as the egocentric tycoon whose roaring emotionalism is capable of deceiving himself, though nobody else; Miss Diane Cilento makes her mark as one of Hollywood's wilder women; Miss Renée Asherson plays the wife sympathetically; and Mr. Meier Tzelniker succeeds in giving momentary life to a sycophant suddenly aware of what is ignoble in his sycophancy.



SOUTHERN BELLE. Dixie Evans (Diane Cilento) gives her opinion, as a girl the screen can't do without



Countess Raben, wife of the artist, was in conversation with Mr. Douglas Percival over a cocktail



Mrs. Christopher Petherick and her father, Count Raben, were discussing one of his pictures

COUNT RABEN, a popular Danish resident of the Riviera, and a skilful artist, gave his first London exhibition in an Albemarle Street gallery. There was a most appreciative gathering for the private view of the works, which were chiefly landscapes of the South of France



Lady Sarah Savile, sister of the Earl of Mexborough, with Sir Humphrey Orme Clarke, Bt.



H.E. Mons. de Steensen-Letch, the new Danish Ambassador, lights a cigarette for Lady Moira Lyttelton



Three other guests at this very interesting private view at Coombs and Percival's gallery were Lady Phæbe Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the Earl of Radnor, Sir Alfred Egerton, and Lady Jeane Petherick

London Linelight



Three stalwarts of "Seagulls over Sorrento," Basil Lord, Nigel Stock and Brewster Mason

Sorrento's Golden Gulls' Eggs

FIFTEEN HUNDRED performances make such an incontrovertible claim on the serious-minded playgoer that any comedy with this credential should be revisited. *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, which transfers from the Apollo next week, confirms one's first amazement that it should have gone modestly, cap in hand, from management to management before finding a billet. There is not a word out of place, the laughs are genuine hall-marked affairs, and the characters are cast-iron certainties for any actor who has them within his range.

Thus, Mr. Basil Lord, following Mr. Ronald Shiner, gives an exhibition which one would swear incapable of improvement, and Mr. Brewster Mason is clearly the perfect Lofty. Of the original members of the cast, Mr. Nigel Stock is still superbly pathetic and youthful as Sprog—a very remarkable feat when one considers that Major Stock was mentioned in dispatches from Kohima in 1945, during his service with Wingate's Chindits.

OF all performers in this chill hour my deepest respects go not to the ladies of the Windmill—for there the backstage experts know how to deal with draughts—but to the heroes and heroines of the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet, lately at the Stoll. Mesdames Markova, Tallchief and Hightower should have chosen some Eskimo fantasy on life in an igloo for the exhibition of their talents, but instead they gave us *Giselle*, *Black Swan* and *La Sylphide*. Of the latter it might be said that if the members of the ballet clearly had not the Gaelic, they certainly had the gale.

WHEN, in the distant future, *Airs on a Shoestring* comes to an end, Mr. Laurier Lister has decided not to repeat this particularly brilliant mixture. His feeling is that the perpetual juxtaposition of the same talent is bound to make the possessors stale after the long run they deserve so richly. His next production at the Court will be, therefore, a musical play by Nicholas Phipps, the journalist-librettist, and Geoffrey Wright.

Other plans include Miss Joyce Grenfell in her own full-scale revue, at present called *Requests the Pleasure*, a musical play by Donald Swan, who wrote many of the airs on the present shoestring, with a book by Philip Guard, and another revue—assuredly of an entirely new calibre—featuring those splendid cockneys Elsie and Doris Waters. This is also at the moment untitled. Perhaps *Laughing Waters* would be appropriate.

—Youngman Carter



Desmond O'Neill

THE 300 PARTY, to be given at the May Fair Hotel in March, was the subject of a committee meeting under the chairmanship of Lady Tedder (right), who was here talking to Lady Ellenborough, a vice-chairman. The party will raise funds for the Korea and Far East Comforts Fund



MRS. MADGE CLARKE and Major Neville Auger had a drink together at the meeting at Mr. Denys Bower's house in Portman Square

Talk Around the Town

THE flow of new books—as of new plays—reaches its nadir about this time of the year. This should not trouble any reasonable reader.

Given a warm bed, pillows at the proper angle, and a good light, there always seem to be plenty of less-new books to provide the evening's fun.

Here is Mr. St. John Ervine's *Craigavon*, published in 1949, perhaps in a form scarcely ideal for bedside reading, for it has over 600 pages. No more enthusiastic assertion of Ulster's rights can ever have been penned, certainly not in the guise of a biography.

Yet the one line I remember from the

first reading has nothing to do with Ulster. I failed to find it this time. It deals with the English weakness of allowing "the virtue of tolerance to slide into the vice of inertia."

AND here is Mr. Reginald Pound's most admirable biography of Arnold Bennett, published in 1952.

The book opens itself at page 185. One reads that although Bennett had said he was able to make £20 a week from fiction in 1906, his actual earnings, during the years when *The Old Wives Tale* was being conceived and produced, were far less.

Mr. Bennett in 1906 made £712; in 1907 his earnings were £303; but in 1909 they had sunk to only £276. During the

previous year his literary agent, had advanced him more than £1000 at 5 per cent. against his insurance policy.

The Bennett financial boom did not really begin until a few years later when, in the war, he became a high-priced publicist.

Here is another book on the bed, even more unwieldy than Mr. Ervine's. And all because of an assertion I had made that Whistler's father had built the railway line between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The encyclopædia merely says that the father was "acting as an engineer there." Never mind—he *did* build that railway line.

The trouble about getting an encyclopædia on the bed is that you go on reading; it's like following a steeplechase of ill-assorted facts. Joseph Whitaker, you read, was born in 1820 and published his celebrated *Almanack* in 1869. William Whiteley was murdered in his own shop in 1907, and Stanford White, the skyscraper architect, was ditto in a night club in 1906. Before you know it, you are deep in the White Slave Traffic, Whitebait and the White Ant.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE been able to give only a quick reading so far to the official history *The Second World War: 1939-1940*, but all that I have read confirms that the use of the word "miracle" at the time was wholly justified.

Weather that could give us a flat calm in the Channel yet overhead produce conditions that grounded the Luftwaffe during critical periods, might even be specifically called an "English miracle."

One point emerging is the "Nelson touch" displayed by Lord Gort in turning a blind eye to an order, despatched from Paris by the Prime Minister, for an attack that would have led his army to disaster. Giving orders at a distance was very popular in that hectic month.

Yet there are still mysteries, some perhaps which will never find an answer. What was it that changed the mind of General Gamelin, who in the autumn of 1939 had accurately predicted the point of break-through at Sedan?

And always the greatest riddle of all: why did the Maginot Line stop so far short of the natural line of defence to the sea? (Of course, one can also ask why there was ever a line at all!)

The Germans had a much-talked-about Siegfried Line before the war. It was

COMPROMISE

The fairest flower of chivalry
Is withered irretrievably,
So maiden, all forlorn, must dry
Disfiguring teardrops from her eye.
If heart for knight on charger yearns
To compromise at last she learns—
Assessing prospects 'gainst her need,
She sensibly foregoes the steed.

—Jean Stanger

● ● ●

supposed to run from Aix-la-Chapelle, on the Belgian border, right down the Rhine to Basle, at the Swiss. But certainly as late as August 1939 this was nothing but a loose series of strong-points and pill-boxes, in a very unfinished state. I made a whole tour from north to south of the area at that time.

One man emerges well, and one wonders whether justice was done to him. Gort qualified for neither of his nicknames: he was not a "Tiger," nor was he "Fatboy." If anything, he was an "Ironside."

★ ★ ★

THERE appears to be a growing clash in the world of feminine fashion between Paris and Rome as a centre of inspiration.

I can only watch all this from the sidelines; and wonder at woman's eternal quest for change.

Where London comes into this I am uncertain. But "*perfidie Albion*" has had a bigger say behind the scenes in the French fashion scene than many may realise. Frederick Worth, who made these dresses for the Empress Eugénie which Winterhalter so loved to picture, was an English youth.

For two decades Edward Molyneux (English, or Irish, as you like it) was by far the most distinguished dressmaker in Paris. Now I read that Paquin (an English firm for some time) has bought Worth's in Paris, having owned the same house in London for some time.

Paris likes to say that no Englishwoman can wear smart dresses and make them look smart. For that matter, most of the Paris fanciest confections are bought by South Americans.

"HE brought tears to my eyes" commented a lady writer on the dress-maker who staged one of the recent London shows of the new high fashions.

This is a dangerously equivocal thing to put into print. Overlooking the inspiration it may have given to the composer of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," it can produce a variety of wrong impressions.

Some twenty years ago there was a fine revival of *Julius Caesar* at His Majesty's, then still a theatre given to occasional production of British works. In the stage box on the opening night sat Lady Tree, the widow of the great Beerbohm Tree. During the interval we met and I made the commonplace remark that the night must be bringing her many memories. She replied to the effect that yes, indeed it had, and brushed away a tear of emotion.

A few days later, after I had written of the incident, I got an incredible letter from Lady Tree accusing me of having said that the evening had brought tears to her eyes, whereas she had thought the whole production admirable. Nothing I could say could make her change her mind.

An interesting chapter of Churchilliana, by the way, might be given to a statistical analysis of the moments—so many—when *larmes facile* has conquered the Prime Minister.

★ ★ ★

FOR readers of the popular newspapers there seems a hilarious time ahead now that the most frolicsome sheet has broken the ice—as it were—by turning its book critic into a skating clown in one of the frozen pantomimes.

"On Monday—the only daily newspaper edited on ice," will be the next move. And when the fashion is firmly established here for what the U.S. calls "aqua shows," there will be an announcement that the "sports section will be edited next week by frogmen."

In truth, much of this sort of thing has been happening for a long time past.

Once a reporter came back to his office to find that he was to share his desk with a new colleague. Later on he discovered that for the next week or so this latest arrival was going to occupy his particular corner of the paper. And later still he discovered that a convicted murderer was about to supplant him.

—Gordon Beckles



Clayton Francis

A Programme of Poetry, Drama and Music was Given in Tribute to the Memory of Dylan Thomas

Mr. Richard Burton, his wife (Miss Sybil Williams) and Mr. Emlyn Williams were going on to supper after the performance at the Globe Theatre

Lady Barry and Mr. Louis MacNeice, the poet, who with Mr. Rupert Doone devised the programme which the Group Theatre very ably organised

Mr. Henry Moore, the sculptor, and Mr. Ceri Richards, who arranged the décor, talking to Mr. John Ormond Thomas in the foyer



Lord De Freyne and his bride, who wore a lace veil and diamond tiara with her satin wedding dress, waited to receive their guests at the reception. Later they left for a honeymoon in Tangier



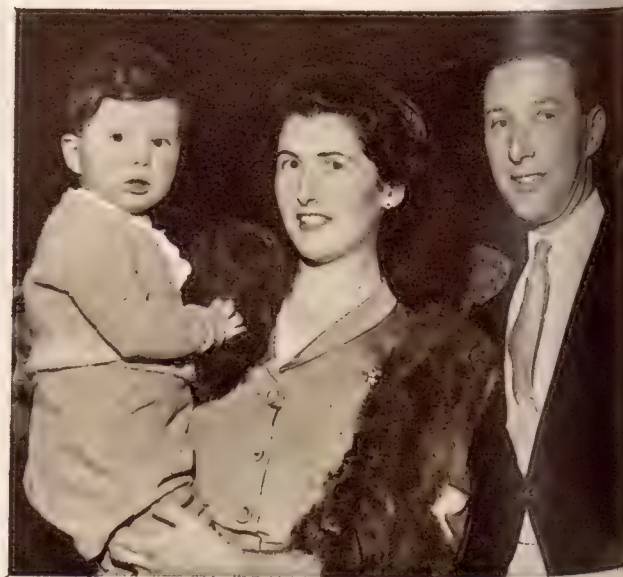
G/Capt. R. H. Kershaw, who gave the bride away, with Mrs. Kershaw (left) and Mrs. Aubrey Thomas, the bride's grandmother



The Hon. Jeanne French, the bridegroom's sister, Major J. W. Fitzherbert-Brockholes and Mrs. Thomas Weldon had their glasses charged ready for the speeches

WEDDING TOAST WAS LADY DE FREYNE

FROM his home, French Park, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, Lord De Freyne came to London for his marriage to Miss Shirley Ann Pobjoy; daughter of the late Mr. D. R. Pobjoy, and of Mrs. Pobjoy. The ceremony was at St. James's, Spanish Place, and was followed by a reception at 23, Knightsbridge



Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert-Brockholes, the bridegroom's cousins, brought their small son Francis with them



Other guests at this very happy wedding were Mrs. E. Whewell, Mr. K. C. Hanson and Mrs. M. Wray



Victoria Lady De Freyne, mother of the bridegroom, drank a toast with the hostess, Mrs. D. R. Pobjoy



Miss Juliet Garnett, Miss Marigold Arnott, Miss Ursula Thomas and Miss Caroline Cross, wearing dresses of cherry-red velvet with bouquets of yellow and white, attended the bride. Best man was Mr. Hubert Morris

Desmond O'Neill



DINING OUT

Omelettes For The Sweet-Tooth

I HAVE come to the conclusion that most restaurants have not yet awakened to the fact that eggs are no longer scarce.

Fourteen years or so of shortage, and all too ample supplies of egg powder, have frozen their minds.

Looking at the scant list of *hors d'œuvres* on a big menu recently, I found no mention of anything as simple (or now as cheap) as *œuf en gelée*. And I searched in vain lower down for any promise of a sweet omelette. There was once a fashion for very elaborate sweet omelettes, affairs dusted with crystallised violets and nonsense like that.

Yet during the holiday season I did come upon, at a private dinner table, an omelette which concealed mince-pie meat, and thought it very pleasant.

A plain rum or jam omelette is probably the safest.

MAISON BASQUE (Dover Street).—This rather intimate and cosy resort has an ideal atmosphere for a cold winter's day. It has also one of the most delicious of *entremets* for any sort of day—*zabaglione*. This is eggs whisked into a thick, frothy drink flavoured with what-have-you: marsala, or sherry, or rum. Even a dyspeptic pessimist could face the world with a smile after one of these.

The cuisine is not confined to Basque, but when it does go Basque it is well to remember that this usually implies the use of pimento, which not everyone likes. Ask for M. Andrea.

IF you happen to be feeling flippant and youthful while waiting for your dinner to be served, you may be inspired to enlarge upon an amusing vocabulary compiled by a restaurant much favoured by Cambridge undergraduates.

Here are some samples:

Au Gratin—Out of a tin.

À la Bearnaise—Ladies in shorts welcome.

Bigarreau—Trouble with the chef.

Cotelette—The waiter's jacket.

Croissant—An angry relation.

Daubiere—Two beers.

Entrecote—Let the mink coat come in.

Fondue—On account until next week?

Oie—The bill.

Now try your hand at "Bordelaise," "Navaroise" and "Estouffade."

—I. Bickerstaff



DONNA GIULIANA DEI PRINCIPI CORSINI is the youngest daughter of the Marchese Corsini and his wife, who comes from the eminent Florentine family of Giuntini. Donna Giuliana, here in the Long Gallery of her home, the seventeenth-century Palazzo Corsini on the Lungarno, Florence, is a musician and artist, and works regularly as an illustrator for the La Scala Opera magazine.

F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

The Children Lose A Friend

WHEN an old man who is, apparently, in perfect health and "active for his years" dies suddenly in the midst of his daily round, leaving to others the accomplishment of the plans he has made and the engagements he had intended to keep, he is, I think, a Lucky Man!

Thus died, last week, the grand old journalist and philanthropist Léon Bailby. He was in his eighty-seventh year, and last summer he was still swimming and water-ski-ing in the South of France. As owner and editor of the *Intransigeant* and, later, *Le Jour*, he was a great celebrity in the world of journalism. British and other visitors to France may have known him better as the founder, in 1921, of the

famous *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* that, since then, has taken place annually and has raised millions in aid of sick children.

Since the last war he had ceased all journalistic activities, and devoted all his time to the strenuous task of organising the dinner and entertainment that always precedes the "Little White Beds." The night before his death he retired early in order to be quite fresh for the meeting of this year's Ball Committee that was to have taken place next morning at 10.30. He died at 7.15 a.m.

EVEN before the midday papers were on the streets the news spread with the mysterious rapidity that sad tidings command. M. Bailby lived on the second floor of one of those fine old eighteenth-century houses on the Quai Voltaire, overlooking the river.

All day long the wide, shallow stone steps of the monumental staircase leading to his flat softly whispered to the hushed tread of friends. . . . *Tout Paris* came to put down its name and bring flowers.

In accordance with the written instructions he had left with his niece, Mme. Hinard, the funeral took place "as soon and as simply as possible." And it has been announced that the ball will take place as planned.

M. ALBERT FLAMENT, the eminent novelist and essayist, was one of Léon Bailby's greatest friends. Both men were confirmed bachelors and had many interests in common. The breaking, by death, of a friendship of more than fifty years is cruel to bear. Because he is such a fine writer, one hopes that M. Flament will have the courage to set out on such another voyage as inspired him, some years ago, to write *Le Voyageur Sans Baggage*.

This all-too-slim volume (published by Flammarion) contains some delightful pen landscapes and some extremely amusing "impressions" of his visits to England. There are certain pages, his portrait of "a gentle lady" (H.R.H. Alexandra of Denmark when she was Princess of Wales), for example, that enchant me. To be able to write as M. Albert Flament writes must be a great escape; one hopes that he will find it so.

THREE talented Italian players, Alberto Bonucci, Vittorio Caprioli and Franca Valeri, are appearing at the Comédie des Champs Elysées in an entertainment presented as the *Théâtre des Gobbi* in *Carnet de Notes*. The C. des C.E. is that smart little theatre perched atop of its big sister which, last week, sheltered the Shakespeare Memorial Company. A lift usually wafts one skywards and, on long-skirted first nights, the feminine element of the audience wonders what would happen if it had to climb those six stories on foot. After seeing the "Gobbi" we decided that it would be a pleasure to climb twice that number in order to see them again.

The "Gobbi" are three young people who, without décor, props or change of costume can keep us in a simmer of mirth and emotion throughout the evening. The stage is hung and ceilinged with grey silk. Three screens are placed: P., C. and O.P. That is all, and that is everything.

The *Carnet de Notes* (or "Note Book") consists of some thirty sketches. They have no relation other than the fact that they all portray incidents from everyday life. These sketches are short, holding the stage only for a few minutes, and are divided by a short black-out; but during that black-out the scene that has just been played remains before one's eyes, a vivid and colourful impression, against the darkness.

Two quick-gestured men in grey; a slim, immense-eyed young woman in black. They held us enthralled the whole evening. A most remarkable performance.

Enfin!

● From *Le Voyageur Sans Baggage*: "Englishmen appear to like women only so long as they do not have to bother about them. They are quite different with their horses and their dogs."



Mrs. Fladgate, a clever and enthusiastic painter who signs her canvases Frieda Scott, at work in her studio

CONSUL TAKES AN HOUR OFF

From his many duties
on a holiday island

MR. C. F. FLADGATE, the British Consul in Madeira, is seen with his wife in the beautiful sub-tropical garden of their Spanish-style house above Funchal. With so many of his countrypeople coming to the island in search of winter sunshine, Mr. Fladgate is kept extremely busy. Before being appointed to Madeira last year he had held diplomatic posts ranging from Spain to the Far East.



Shaking hands in congratulation of Baroness Ravensdale (right), who won a prize, was Lady Bridget Clark. Behind her are three other judges, Miss Barbara Goalen (centre), Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, K.B.E. (at microphone), and Mrs. Gerald Legge. The ball was in aid of the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs

A WINTER NIGHT'S HAPPY MASQUERADE BALL RIVALLED VENICE

GALEITY and mystery were joined in a happy alliance at the Bal Masqué, given at Hutchinson House, when 400 guests composed a scene of changing colour and beauty, punctuated with touches of goblin strangeness. This most enjoyable evening, during which prizes were given for the best masks, continued until the early hours and ended with a bacon, egg - and - sausage breakfast. Jennifer describes the event on page 208



Before entering the ballroom Col. A. G. Boyd Gibbins adjusted Miss Susan Mullins's mask, while Miss Judith Barry looked on



Lady Elizabeth Clyde, in a charming feathered mask, was taking refreshment at the buffet with Col. Peter Laycock



Lady Irene Astor was chatting with Lord Rupert Nevill, younger son of the Marquess of Abergavenny

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing
By ...

INTO the grey lives of all those thousands of citizens who rush nightly from the City of London to the outer suburbs in a solid body, like the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah fleeing the wrath of God, a strange new gladness is due to burst, one perceives. That proposed swimming-pool (*vide Press*) on a bombed site on Ludgate Hill looks—if the Court of Common Council passes the plans—like offering sweet solace to the Tired Business Man between 5 and 6.30 p.m. henceforth.

Gay pool-hostesses and saucy bathing beauties should soon banish from City pans that expression of leaden despair which inspires an echo of Dante's Hell in *The Waste Land*:

A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many. . . .

Round at the Ludgate Lido things may be far different. If one may venture to develop Mr. Eliot's theme on a slightly more cheery note:

Slapping pool-hostesses on the trim Bikini
I saw Stetson (who was with me in the ships at
Mylæ),
With De Bailhache, Burbank, and Sir "Ferdy"
Klein,
Of Ajax Alloys, Ltd., Fenchurch Street, E.C.,
All splashing blondes with unaffected zest. . . .
You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable—mon
frère!

That last line from Baudelaire, sahibs, is a timely crack at a few thousand of you who'll be longing to join the City revellers, did form permit; not to speak of all the Civil Servants Class I we can see from here, gnawing the handles of their exquisitely-rolled umbrellas. *Fi donc!*

Phœbe

GREAT bouncing sports girls flexing their biceps in print, or getting Press-agents and B.B.C. boys to do their bragging for them, should be invited (we suggest on behalf of a chap complaining of this nuisance) to pass what we would call the Phœbe Hessel Toughness Test.

La Hessel is the celebrated Brighton girl who enlisted in the Fifth Regiment of Foot, fought all through the War of the Austrian Succession, was badly wounded at Fontenoy, and lived to 108. Though by no means the only 18th-century sweetheart to join the Army, she seems the one best qualified to call our sporting babies' bluff, since apart from years of fighting, public and private, she must have been frequently thrashed on parade, poor sweet, for a dull button or a slip in arms-drill. Officers' and N.C.O.s of the period were pretty free with their canes—there was a line of them behind the Guards advancing at Fontenoy—and Phœbe, standing stiffly to attention six paces ahead of her platoon, with her musket at the "present," would win a dozen extra cuts for howling, dodging, or emitting girlish oaths. Say what you like, this keeps a big girl on her toes. And Phœbe, we remind you again, lived to 108.

If you don't want big sporting girls to live to 108, of course, that's another matter. Yes, yes, we understand. Quite. Quite.

Outsider

THAT citizen on police-probation who broke away (*vide Press*) from a "pick-and-shovel existence" and joined the French Foreign Legion, only to find himself using a pick and shovel in the Sahara, seems not to have been very suited for Legion life anyway, a film-boy tells us, having no Past to speak of. At Sidi-bel-Abbès they don't count a little trifle of housebreaking, this chap points out.

Round the campfire, therefore (he adds), any recruit of this type would have to keep his trap shut while his fellow-Légionnaires were brooding over their richly Technicolored pasts, mostly involving beautiful, passionate, titled women. His company officers would refuse, rightly, to assist the poor fellow with his homework, also.

"Well?"

"*Mon capitaine*, I am writing up my Legion experiences for publication after desertion. They will be called 'Six Weeks in Hell.'"

"Well?"

"I wondered, *mon capitaine*, if you would kindly help me with my local colour."

"You are the new Englishman without a Past?"

"Yes, *mon capitaine*."

"Your comrades spit on you, *espèce de chameau*. I, your captain, spit on you. Who are your publishers?"

"Blotto & Bloop."

"I spit on them. Out!"

Subsequent desertion would hence be robbed of all its daredevilry, the whole battalion chasing the pariah across the lines with shouts of "*A bas Blotto & Bloop!*" and "*Vive notre Passé!*" Or so this film-boy assures us, and it's not for the likes of us to question a chap who knows a chap who knows, personally, J. Arthur Rank.

Chums

INSECT-LOVERS are asking menacingly why the Insect House at the Zoo was left out of the just-published stocktaking report for 1953 (inmates, including fish but not Fellows,

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Better register that. If a gale blows the wires down, where are you?"

6,203; total value, £78,080). Auntie Times's shamefaced mumble about "obvious reasons" cuts no ice with these boys. They suspect—and rightly—a concerted attempt to persuade the Race to exclude these particular dumb chums from its warm embrace.

The official Zoo argument, we find, is that insects are far too small to inspire love in a proud, free people, like small women in the Edwardian Era, when the most radiant and appealing of these little creatures were banished to the aviary in favour of large swaying girls shaped like hourglasses and bosomed like Diana of the Ephesians. Those who justify this procedure by quoting the Japanese custom of keeping pet crickets in paper cages forget that it was foreseen and tearfully denounced by Blake long ago.

A little Actress in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage,
And Gibson Girls with whacking Feet
Shall weave Old England's Winding-Sheet (etc.).

Afterthought

IT was not till about 1917, when the cost of packing and distributing large girls became prohibitive, that the "bijou" girl came into her own. Hence the extremely low cost of keeping, say, the ordinary flea as a pet may in time oust the doggie from his monopoly of a nation's love. The case for bacilli is, of course, even stronger. Our next talk in this series will be delivered under water, from the Zoo Aquarium.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Howard Coster

JOHN BETJEMAN occupies a unique place among our authors, one that has been his ever since his *Ghastly Good Taste* startled the coteries more than twenty years ago. Primarily perhaps a satirist, he is also a student of architectural history, a poet, and a countryman of Augustan cast, all his writing being marked by a sensibility and breadth of outlook growing rarer every year under the reign of the expert with his jargon. As a guide to the beauties and curiosities of the English counties he is without rival today. Mr. Betjeman, whose personal history includes Marlborough and Oxford, lives at Wantage, in Berkshire. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. Betjeman, is the daughter of the late Field Marshal Lord Chetwode

At The Pictures

Caught By
The Fan

Erich von Stroheim has been seen on a British screen again

CONTEMPORARY hero-worship is a curiosity of our civilisation. Its objects soon learn that one of their occupational hazards is a private army of admirers, a ravening flock of fans fervently prepared to love them or lynch them.

Two new films deal with such latter-day heroes, one from fact, one from fiction. *The Glenn Miller Story* (Leicester Square Theatre) is a conventional screen biography, in pretty colour and sweet music, of the band leader. Its length is as disproportionate as the solemnity it accords the hero's search for the "right sound." Such foolishness may be forgiven for the sake of the endearing charms of James Stewart, as Miller, and June Allyson as his wife. I have never seen Glenn Miller and cannot vouch for the make-up; but Mr. Stewart, in a performance of exceptional personal integrity, has stamped those rimless glasses and soft contours in my memory as a classic portrait of the *genus* band leader.

BOTH more complex and more crude is *The Love Lottery* (Gaiety, Haymarket). It jibs away from the tragedy of the fugitive from Hollywood (David Niven), who retires but cannot find a play. It dare not drive home the darts of bitterness and scorn with which the authors of *Nothing Sacred* would have satirised the relentless regiment of giggling girls who pursued him across the earth to the Italian Lakes.

Herbert Lom's International Lottery Syndicate, with Anne Vernon as its unusually attractive mathematical adviser, is an amusing notion typical of Ealing. But its development is hardly worthy of Charles Crichton, director of *The Lavender Hill Mob*. The star's lowest depth as prize in a lottery is too distasteful to make the facile laughs wholly funny. Yet the scene where Peggy Cummins and her dream hero (Mr. Niven plays throughout most appreciatively) meet in reality is genuinely touching. A film, in fact, which falters through running with the star and hunting with his hounds.

WELL worth an hour of most people's time is *Royal Symphony*, which should be showing round the country this week. Compiled by Castleton Knight, it is another of those Coronation year miscellanies of which we can hardly tire.

We may think we know the gist, but there is always something in the ceremony to touch the heart anew, or something one missed—as in my case the gay and gaudy Royal River Pageant.

Erich von Stroheim, now a hardworking actor in Paris, as a director was one of the cinema's great eccentrics. It is fitting that the National Film Theatre should accord him a season. I hope not to miss *Foolish Wives* and am especially grateful for *Greed*.

Von Stroheim himself has called the film a "mutilated cadaver," but the beauty and power of Zasu Pitts are still startling, in spite of an occasional fatally fluttering hand.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Balance and suppleness to the last degree is demonstrated by fourteen-year-old Miss Yvonne Sugden, British ladies' figure-skating champion, on the Suvretta rink



Curling is another ice sport, and here, on the Kulm rink, were Sir Louis Gluckstein and Sir James Corry, Bt.



Miss Jean Westwood and Mr. Lawrence Demmy, who won the ice dancing world championship for Britain in 1952 and 1953

THE ICE RINKS AT ST. MORITZ offer a strong counter-attraction to the ski-ing slopes, and lucky are those who can compass both arts. These splendid sheets of ice are favourites with the experts and champions of all nations, as seen above



Miss Hilary Laing was in Gstaad for the Championships, having come on from Villars. She finished second to Miss Adeline Pryor in both the downhill and slalom, and also in the combined result

A FAIRY-TALE VILLAGE is the description that could be given to Gstaad, a favourite centre for British winter sports enthusiasts, high in the Bernese Oberland. Among them have been the competitors in the British Ladies' Ski Championships



Miss Gwen Kingham, who makes her home in Lausanne, had recently been on a visit to England.



Another visitor who took advantage of the sunny weather to try her skill on the slopes was Miss Penelope Forbes



Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, widow of the distinguished film producer, was here with M. Jean Fraissinet



Miss Frederica Montau, of Ince Blundell Hall, Hightown, Lancs, and the Marchesa Gabrielli Giorgis, from Rome



"No, you can't go and play on the glacier; an Abominable Human might get you!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

TWO friends were discussing a mutual acquaintance. Said one, musingly, ★ "Poor old Williams. He seems to be ★ living in the past." The other answered bitterly: "I don't blame him. It's a lot cheaper."

THE old lady had had an accident and had broken her leg. At the hospital they put the injured limb in a plaster cast and warned the patient not to walk up or down stairs. When the leg was mended the old lady visited the hospital for the removal of the cast, and asked: "Can I climb the stairs now?" "Oh, yes, now you can," said the doctor. "Thank goodness for that!" she chortled. "I'm just sick and tired of climbing up and down that drainpipe!"

JOHNNY was sent by his doting parents to a public school.

He had been strictly enjoined to write home regularly and tell them all about himself and his new life. At the end of a week his first letter arrived.

"There are 370 boys here," he wrote. "I wish there were 369."

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Peter and his father were playing horses. Peter was the rider and his parent the horse, and with his toy pistol the child shot everything in sight until in his excitement he threw the gun on the floor. But the "horse's" hand was in the way, and with a yelp of pain he began telling his son in no uncertain terms.

The game was over, and Peter came tearfully into the kitchen and said to his mother: "That darn horse is a daddy again."

JOE, said the milkman, "did you put water in the milk this morning?"

"Yes, sir," said the new hand.

"Don't you know that is wrong, Joe?"

"But," protested Joe, "you told me yourself to mix water with the milk."

"Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can say we never put water in our milk."

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

Prize At Le Mans Is Prestige

SOON this year's Le Mans prospects will become clearer, for the final day for entries at double fees is at hand. Once again it seems likely that the British effort will be considerable; but the Italian and German opposition may be stiffer. For the manufacturers of this country the importance of Le Mans is paramount. It matters much less to Continental companies what the results are; but to us it matters a great deal. It is not too much to say that our export market is geared to Le Mans.

This is not necessarily because Le Mans has concentrated upon the sports car somewhat—though no more than somewhat—as it is sold. It is probably also because it is the kind of event in which our economy permits us to take part. If we could go into Grand Prix racing with the same zest we might find it as profitable. One of my friends in the technical Press is constantly pointing to the central fact that racing—although it does not always pay—can pay, and pay handsomely.

On February 18th we shall be able to begin weighing the chances of the *Vingt-quatre heures* and making our annual attempts to peer into the future, and to guess who will reap the prestige benefits of prize-winning at Le Mans.

INTELLIGENT discussion of the Monte Carlo results has been made well-nigh impossible by the epidemic of protests that broke out almost as soon as the "provisional" results had been announced. I do not remember an event in which so many have been so satisfied with so few official rulings. But however the final placings may go, we should do well to note the achievements of the Jaguars, the Sunbeam-Talbots and the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphires. We

can then settle down to a really enjoyable battle about how the rules should be read.

Louis Chiron and Lancia can, at any rate, be congratulated. I have seen Chiron driving on a great number of occasions, many of them before the war and in Grand Prix events, and he is, without question, a master. He also knows the Monaco circuit better than any other man on earth, and derived from this knowledge a very proper advantage in the final test of the rally.

If I turn to praise the performance of the small French cars like Panhard and Renault, I shall immediately become involved in the disputes which started when the rally finished. It grieves me not to be able to discuss the performance of these cars with small capacity engines, because there is much to be learnt from it about the manner in which future manufacturing programmes should be steered. But being hit on the head with an iron bar would be as nothing to the punishment I should be inviting if I made any remarks which subsequent official rulings were to call in question.

NEW road rules and regulations are upon us. Ostensibly they are for increasing road safety. Actually they are a cover for the criminal manner in which successive Governments have neglected the roads. Let us always remember, when these things come up for approval, the very simple fact that all road accidents could be prevented by preventing the use of the roads. Nothing is easier than to stop motoring accidents by stopping motoring. I am sorry to say that a vast number of rules and regulations are in this negative category. They restrict, or try to restrict, accidents by restricting the use of the roads.

One always hopes for a Minister of Transport who will become, as Lord Brabazon phrased it the other day, a "colossus of roads," a man who will refuse to be deflected

from the main problem and will somehow force his colleagues of the Government to accept an adequate road programme. But Minister follows Minister and, whatever his early protestations, his eventual acts are as negative as those of his predecessors.

SECOND-HAND prices (or should I bow to industry jargon and call them "used car prices?") have been making more than a seasonal plunge. Income-tax people, I believe, write off the value of a new car in five years. Actually, some new cars are being written off in less than three. It happened to me the other day when a used car I had for sale was listed in the little trade black book at approximately one-fifth of its new cost after two years' use. In short, cars will soon have a life just as long as their batteries, usually guaranteed for two years.

All this makes me wonder exactly how the experts work out their cost-per-mile figures. If they take in depreciation, do they take in a real or fictitious depreciation? Commercial firms which pay on a mileage basis when members of their staffs use their own cars on business duties think they are being generous when they give 9d. a mile. If depreciation rates go on as they are now doing, 2s. a mile would still be too little. I hate to suggest that motoring is becoming expensive; but I am not going to mislead readers at a time when depreciation is looming so much more largely in the picture. For, after all, it is depreciation and not fuel consumption that has the major say in what the price of the passenger-mile will be.

THE above must be taken as a seasonal comment. As the spring comes in, used car prices suddenly show a return to health. But I do not think that, with the existing rate of purchase tax, anybody would be well advised to feel optimistic about the price he could get if he wished to part-exchange his old car for a new one.



MR. J. K. C. BAYES'S Hillman was being flagged away at Boulogne, for Monte Carlo. Earlier on, drivers had attended a champagne reception given by the Chamber of Commerce



Mrs. Joan Johns, Mrs. Nancy Mitchell and Mrs. T. Wisdom, competing in a Ford, had checked in at Dover before boarding the s.s. Lord Warden



In friendly discussion with a douanier were Miss Muriel Dodds, Miss Pat Faichney and Miss Mary Walker. They were in a Sunbeam Talbot



Enjoying the sun on a cross-Channel boat were the Duchess of Newcastle (centre) and her co-drivers, Miss Retna Whittell and Mrs. Lorna Snow

British Lady Drivers Who Took Part in the Monte Carlo Rally



W/Cdr. J. C. McG. Lunn, A.F.C., Mrs. Lunn and G/Capt. D. Michell, O/C. Station, were here receiving Major M. B. Skelton, U.S.A.F., and Mrs. Skelton.



W/Cdr. I. C. K. Swales was chatting to an Army guest, Brig. W. F. Snook, and Mrs. Snook



In a corner of the buffet Mrs. P. W. Heal was in conversation with G/Capt. R. J. B. Burns, O.B.E., O/C. Turnhill R.A.F. station

SHAWBURY FLIERS HAD CURE FOR MELANCHOLY

MORE than 300 guests, including many from other stations, were entertained at the ball given by the R.A.F. Central Navigation School at Shawbury, Salop. It went on far into the night, and the "party" broke up most regretfully



G/Capt. P. W. Heal was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Thrower with some amusing stories of station life, during an interval in the well-arranged dance programme



Another animated conversation was being carried on by G/Capt. A. L. Holland, who commands the R.A.F. station at Stoke Heath, Mrs. Holland and Mrs. J. Segar



MR. LESLIE HALL, who has just returned from a world business tour, is the most travelled of British publishers. Since the war he has flown more than 200,000 miles to establish and inspect Empire branches of Heinemanns, of which he is a director

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

A Film Magician's Testament

"A FILM," René Clair says, "grows old and dies." Yet at least one of the films he has given us, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, lays claim to its own kind of immortality. This French producer did something new to the screen—later, his magic touched Hollywood: there resulted two unforgettable fantasies, *The Ghost Goes West* and *I Married a Witch*. The most infrequent, captious or scoffing cinemagoer has not failed to surrender to René Clair.

Yet also his work, by its sheer endearingness, has no less captured "popular" audiences—it does not seem highbrow because it is never gaunt. Anything to be known about film art, since first it came to be recognised as an art at all, has been lovingly known by M. Clair, and anything he has to tell us is worth listening to. We rejoice that his *REFLECTIONS ON THE CINEMA* have now, in a serviceable translation, been published in England by Messrs. William Kimber, price 18s.

THIS book, he is careful to tell us, is not a history. It takes the more intimate form of jottings, most of which were set down between 1922 and 1935—that is, during the last years of the silent film and the first years of sound. "As these early writings seemed to call for some comment, I found myself involved in a debate with their author." A dialogue between the contemporary René Clair—mature, sometimes saddened, but never cynical—and his youthful self, therefore, is what ensues. Some of his early hopes were not fulfilled; some of his early misgivings have been

justified—the cinema, while technically advancing by leaps and bounds, does not seem to have gained much, lately, as "a means of expression"—monster spectacles, such as we have to-day, more often stun than stimulate the imagination. Yet there does, if contemporarily eclipsed, exist always that fascination of the experiment.

"WHAT happened to me," M. Clair explains, "was that I took part in a great adventure, that I was present at the creation of a language, an art form, an industry, or, rather, of something not covered completely by any of the above terms." To be young, for believers in the potentialities of the shadow-world in the early 1920's, was very heaven—as we of M. Clair's generation will not forget. To few of us was it given to know the studios; but with what ardour we packed the then unluxurious but also uncostly seats! He says:—

For young people of to-day the cinema does not seem to have the magic which invested it in the years following the First World War. To those of us who have known its heroic age, it seems to have lost its aureole of adventure and discovery. But we should perhaps be chary of comparing two epochs of an art which time has altered along with ourselves. The cinema was younger then, but so were we.

HOWEVER, there does remain an interest in the cinema as progressive art, and a wish to look back at the past's achievements—as film societies, scattered all over Britain, and "classic" houses, re-showing former favourites, combine to prove. It is to

the young of to-day that René Clair speaks—both as a voice from the past and out of the wisdom of his maturity.

In 1922, enthusiasts' eyes dilated at *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. M. Clair remarks that:

At that period the German cinema was at its peak. Just as in political history (or, more simply, as in a bicycle race) so we observe in film history one country after another taking the lead. France was at the head before 1914, America from 1915 to 1920, afterwards it was Sweden, then Germany, then Russia. America regained the lead at the beginning of the "talkies," then it was France's turn once more. And since the end of World War II, the newest and the most original film work has been done in Italy and Britain.

We may observe that these peaks in film-making have nearly always coincided with periods of economic depression. . . . Without going so far as to assert that the quality of films produced in any given country is always in inverse proportion to the level of economic prosperity, are we not entitled to conclude that during periods of prosperity . . . people are content with lazily repeating commonplace formulas, whereas difficult times drive us to greater efforts and the search for originality?

A landmark of 1924 was *A Woman of Paris*, in which Charles Chaplin first showed his hand as a producer—producer, that is, of a film in which he himself did not appear. Adolphe Menjou and the now long-vanished Edna Purviance starred. "Chaplin," says the René Clair of that date, "is the man who has given us films most worthy of the cinema." M. Clair—like many of us who are more obscure—mistrusted the coming of the "talkies"—sound itself was, however, another thing: how effectively he was to use it (street music, footsteps, rain!).

This book closes with contemporary notes on such subjects as "Hollywood Yesterday and To-day," "Television and Cinema" and "How Films are Made."

★ ★ ★

THE DEATH OF KINGS, by Charles Wertenbaker (Gollancz; 15s.), is a novel which, having made a considerable impact upon America, is already attracting notice here. And one can see why—the author's manner is powerful, and his theme is one for to-day: i.e., the struggles of the liberal spirit (in the wide, humane sense) to preserve itself in an age threatened by extremes.

The background is one of those mammoth weekly news magazines which so greatly influence the American outlook: *The Beacon's* editor-in-chief, Louis Baron, taken to be a person of integrity, has rallied round him a number of energetic, keen, loyal and able

[Continued on page 239]



WAVE SCREEN, after Korin, is one of the many illustrations in *An Introduction to Japanese Art*, by Romy Fink (Seeley Service; 12s. 6d.). This is an ideal introduction, for the tyro, to one of the most fascinating aspects of painting, covering the period A.D. 700 until to-day



John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

ONE of the most useful garments a woman can have is the little dinner-dress that will fit into the picture for a smart cocktail party and that can also be worn in the summer for rather grand afternoon occasions. This short dinner dress by Elizabeth Henry seems to us to fill the bill exactly. Made of olive-green silk chiffon, with a not too décolleté neckline, it has little cap sleeves, a beautifully draped bodice and a very full skirt. It costs 22 gns. and is stocked by Margaret Marks of Knightsbridge

—MARIEL DEANS

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

AM just recovering from an unofficial Mother's Day. Such occasions are fortunately rare in my family, but when they do occur. . . .

We are swathed comfortably in Sunday morning sleep, with no trains or schools to catch—no thought of cold scullery, dark encircling early morning, ice-fringed potatoes. All are far away, screened behind that sacred extra hour of holidays.

THROUGH the velvet enchantment penetrates suddenly a gentle hammering. It is not, I regretfully decide, a woodcutter chopping in the deep Grimm forest I am dreaming about—nor is it even a woodpecker. It is, in fact, somebody knocking at the door. I hunch myself unwillingly to an elbow—look hopefully at the shrouded shape beside me. He sighs—burrows into pillows—splutters a few inaudible words. Whether or not he is really asleep, he is certainly more convincing than I. Sighing, I say, "Yes, what is it?"

WITH a clatter and rattle the door bursts open and the smallest of my children lurches in. She is almost invisible, except for a flashing gap-toothed smile, behind a vast enamelled kitchen tray on which nestle a huge



milk jug and a teapot designed for schoolboys' parties. As I stare, spellbound, she sets this down on the floor beside me. "Good morning, Mummy—good morning, Daddy," she says, in nauseatingly dulcet tones obviously modelled on some improving children's book, "I've brought some tea to wake you up."

WHAT's the time?" I mutter ungratefully.

"Lovely and early," chirrups the revolting child, "before seven. You'll be able to get well ahead. . . ." Remembering with horror the times I have betrayed this foolish ambition in her hearing, I hitch myself to a sitting position and stretch out blindly for the cup which wavers in her unsteady hand. Heroically I start on the thick brown lukewarm liquid, when the shape at my side suddenly heaves and comes to life, shouting agitatedly, "What is it? What's happened? Is anybody ill? What's wrong?" "Careful, Mummy!" shrieks L. as her father's elbow menaces the teacup. She flings herself forward to save it,

(Continued on page 234)



A red and grey mixture tweed suit by Alexon which has a high, neat collar and a prettily rounded basque. The skirt is straight, but wide enough for comfortable walking. It is stocked by Woollands of Knightsbridge. Renée Pavy's pretty black and white feather hat

"A REALLY GOOD SUIT"

THIS week we show four suits that we think live up to our title. They have been chosen to appeal to the countrywoman and to the woman who spends her time between town and country, so vary a little in their formality. We hope that amongst them our readers will find that sturdy backbone of the wardrobe that we all visualize when we murmur longingly—"a really good suit." The charming rooms in which these photographs were taken are all to be found in Harrods furniture galleries

—MARIEL DEANS



"Magpie," a dark grey and white check worsted suit with an amusing little false yoke and important pockets, has a slim, straight skirt and a very nipped-in waist. Designed by Simon Massey, it is stocked by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. The yellow and white straw-laize hat by Renée Pavy is a copy of a Gilbert Orcel model

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

treading on the corner of the tin tray, which shoots into the air and catapults the milk jug to the floor.

SHE vanishes in search of mopping-up materials, and I drink as quickly as possible to avoid accidents and the taste of cool, strong, sweet tea. In two minutes she returns with a triumphant consecrated look and the orange cat McDougal clutched below her chin. "It's a pity to waste all that milk," she says with the economical ingenuity of her generation, and puts McDougal firmly in the middle of the pool.

ALTOGETHER my household has been more than usually disorganized, on account of the Comet. Not the aircraft, but the heavenly body which is rumoured to be visible now. All the male members of my family are intensely interested in space and astronomy. Whereas I, looking at the night sky, do so with thought only as to whether it looks like rain or



whether the moon is bright enough to see into the bicycle shed by.

Still, in my masochistic feminine way, I am prepared to suffer for my family's sake when we are invited to visit a friend who has a small telescope through which to view the phenomenon.

WE proceed, therefore, at an unearthly hour between tea and the children's bedtime, to the telescope. The friend, who has known the children since their earliest, most destructive phases, is not unnaturally determined that they shall not lay a finger on the telescope. The fact that the adults in the party are regaled with impressive quantities of sherry immediately on arrival is no consolation at all to the children.

However, at last the telescope, situated in a part of the garden where the wind's, as the poet says, like a whetted knife, is manoeuvred into position and the owner turns away from it and says, "There you are!" Chivalry gives me the first look, but all I can see is a blurred piece of light. I emerge rapidly and murmur that it looks like a nice furry comet. "The Comet," says the friend disapprovingly, "has not come up to expectations—we are too far north. What you have seen is Jupiter—I hope you counted his moons."

AT last we come to rest on our own Moon. To my overjoyed surprise, it really looks like something—spherical, as if you could reach round behind it, and jagged along the edges with mountains in profile. But in about five minutes it is pouring with rain and before I am back again, all heavenly bodies are obscured by cloud. This is disappointing, because the mountains look so real that I have a theory there might be somebody on the Moon to talk to if I ever got there. . . .

—Diana Gillon



Hebe Sports' powder-blue and grey Ottaburn tweed suit has an unexpected binding to the jacket of grey velvet. Notice the full skirt with its five inverted pleats. It is stocked by Harrods, who also supplied the little grey straw hat trimmed with white petersham



Clayton Evans

"A REALLY
GOOD SUIT"

THIS fine powder-blue lace-tweed suit by Country Life has a roll-gored skirt and a small shawl collar. It is lined all the way through and cannot stretch or lose its shape. Worn with it is a cap in two shades of rose-coloured wool jersey. Both are stocked by Harrods



Full of the joys of spring are these beautifully carved animals which, with life-like look of movement, make most original book-ends. Price £3 8s. and £3 10s. From Waring's



Exquisite in colouring and design is this beautiful jewellery made by Adrien Mann. A green and amethyst necklet with bracelet and ear-rings to match. Prices (approx.): necklet, 137s. 6d.; bracelet, 100s.; earclips, 31s. 3d. From Debenham & Freebody

SHOPPING

SEARCH FOR GLAMOUR BRINGS REWARDS

GREY days send us forth in search of colour and beauty, to give a glow to our rooms, and radiance to our appearance. Who would not brave the cold to obtain these charming things—lovely to look at and delightful to wear

—JEAN CLELAND



Something new in decorative jewellery. Flower baskets of exquisite workmanship in the shape of ear-rings, price 48s. 9d., and a bracelet, price 22s. Made by Adrien Mann. Obtainable from Harrods



Black lace over champagne silk makes this extremely smart bag from Debenham & Freebody a beautiful accessory for a cocktail party. 7 guineas



To wear with an air come these blue Chinese shoes and matching bag. Shoes, price 150s. Bag, price 5½ guineas. From Debenham & Freebody



For evening elegance. Jersey rayon gloves with lovers' knots in gold and silver thread and pearls, 39s. 11d. Evening bag to match, 5s. 6d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



A boudoir clock with one-day wind-up movement, costs 32s. 6d., or with AC mains driven electric movement with alarm, 35s. Obtainable from Selfridge's



Why wait to hear the first cuckoo? Bring spring into your house now with this fascinating little lamp that looks as though it had come straight from the woods. Price £3 3s. From Woollands

Dennis Smith

BEAUTY

CHANGE FOR
THE BETTER

SUFFERING in silence may be—indeed is—an admirable quality, under circumstances which cannot be altered. I have little patience, however, with those who adopt this attitude, when a change for the better could, with a little effort, quite easily be made.

Quite a lot of unnecessary distress occurs with regard to small beauty problems, which people, for some reason or other—hard to fathom—see fit to bear, without finding out if they could be cured. In the past, when such a thing as beauty culture was unheard of, this might have been justified, but now, with all the scientific advances that have been made to give Dame Nature a helping hand, it seems a pity to say the least of it.

VERY prevalent problem which causes anxiety to many, is that of a complexion marred with little red veins. I have seen so many which would otherwise be flawless, spoilt in this way, that I decided the time had now come to make it quite clear—for those who did not know it already—that these can be banished.

First of all, what are these red veins? They are tiny broken blood vessels, which occur most often on the cheek-bones (where they are very close to the surface), and which, when broken, become congested.



For an English spring. This wool-cloth jacket, double-breasted and tartan wool lined, is worn with tartan wool tapered slacks. Both from Moss Bros, Covent Garden



RELAXED AND AT EASE, the client reposes in a comfortable long chair, while the expert "works" on her complexion

Next, what causes them? This is a question I am often asked, and there are various reasons. They can come from scratching a little spot, and setting up an irritation which causes the congestion. Or from some sort of shock to the skin, such as applying ice directly to it with no intervening protection. Harsh weather and cold winds provide another cause, which is why quite a number of Scottish people are troubled in this way. Very hot sun, too, can do the damage, as can any sudden extreme change of atmosphere. All of which is why a delicate, sensitive skin, of fine texture, is the type most likely to be affected.

Now to guard against them? Always see that the skin is well protected with a reliable protective foundation cream before going out. Never wash the face immediately on coming in from the cold or the hot sun. If a clean up is necessary, do it with a soft liquefying cleansing cream. This is far more soothing than water, which in such circumstances, when the skin may be slightly irritated or inflamed, may only aggravate the trouble.

As in most cases, there are different degrees of this particular problem. Red veins that are only faintly noticeable, can be successfully camouflaged with a little skilful make-up. For this you need a warm shade of foundation cream, and a deepish powder (with browney tones) to go with it. Avoid all those with a pink tinge. If the colour in general is high, this can be toned down considerably by using a green foundation cream and powder.

WHEN camouflage is not sufficient, then the trouble can be put right by the scientific process known as *Short-Wave Diathermy*. A salon which has always made a speciality of this treatment is that of Helena Rubinstein, and it was here I went to investigate the matter. Mrs. Cooper—Helena Rubinstein's sister, in charge of the London branch—introduced me to the operator who is an expert on the subject. In order to get the best possible training, she was sent—by

Rubinstein—some years ago, to Vienna, where she studied the whole thing from A to Z.

Short-wave diathermy is, in actual fact, a cold electric needle, which breaks down the congested part, and allows the blood to flow freely again through the other countless tiny veins which form a network under the skin. Some people are afraid that this hurts, but I was assured that the sensation is no more than that of a momentary prick. After the treatment, the client is advised to keep the little area of skin that has been treated, dry (that is to say, free from cream or water), and is supplied with some special antiseptic powder.

WHETHER or not more than one visit is necessary depends on how much there is to be done. The cost of one treatment is £2 2s., and if others follow (as in the case of a number of veins) a slight reduction is made. Green foundation and powder can be had from Helena Rubinstein.

—Jean Cleland





"PROUD WATERS," a novel of minesweepers, by Lt.-Cdr. Ewart Brookes, D.S.C. and bar, has just been published by Jarrolds. Here Mr. Cherry Kearton and Mr. Arthur Christiansen, Editor of the *Daily Express*, were talking to Lt.-Cdr. Brookes at a reception given by the publishers at Hutchinson House to launch the new book

Book Reviews (Continued from page 230)

THE ORGAN-VOICE OF WESSEX

younger men. These are good types: to them, work for *The Beacon* represents personal idealism and the fight for truth—or rather, this is so when the story opens in 1938. "Our [the American] revolution," Louis declares, "has the most vitality, because it's still being fought. We're lucky enough to have our enemies always in there against us, and so the revolution can't corrupt itself because it's never won. . . . It's everybody's revolution."

But this bracing editorial attitude unfortunately does not last: sinister influences prevail. One by one, the young men on *The Beacon* realize that someone has sold the fort. Against the background of World War Two, an ethical crisis develops for each one of them; then come the disillusioning post-war years, the Communist menace, the no less sickening anti-Communist witch-hunt. Philip Berkeley, centre of the group, is on the whole in the worst position on account of his once great friendship with Louis Baron. "He [Berkeley] wanted to understand his time, to participate in the bringing about of a better time, and to love and be loved by a good woman."

The wish to love and be loved does in fact preoccupy these tough young men on *The Beacon*. Something seems to me out of tune about the love-interest side of *The Death Of Kings*—there's too much of it, it's sentimental and it's confusing. Fanny, Sue, Jessica change hands, if one may so use the expression, often. But sterner moments are many, and these give bone to what, all in all, is a noble novel.

★ ★ ★

Too many of a writer that he "writes for posterity" may be no more than a means of consoling him for withheld success because success must, by nature, come in a lifetime, to be enjoyed or not. For Thomas Hardy, before he died, something far more majestic was in store: he was acclaimed, revered and honoured. Evelyn Hardy, in her critical biography THOMAS HARDY (Hogarth Press, 25s.), traces the growth of his reputation as a giant poet and novelist. And she suggests why Hardy may remain a voice for the future—a changing world seems able to read a new, further meaning into his work. Ultimately, for an artist this is the reward. Something of a stranger to his own time, the Wessex genius was to extend beyond it.

Dorset, scene of most of the novels, inspiration of so much of the poetry, was also the scene of the great man's life. As a biography, Miss Hardy's book has the merit of linking up Hardy's art with his human story, and indicating the local influences. The author of *Tess Of The D'Urbervilles*, *Jude The Obscure*, *The Trumpet-Major*, *Far From The Madding Crowd* reflected the sturdy comedy no less than sombre dramas of his environment. His landscape, in itself charged with character, is peopled with characters of all kinds. That their originals existed in his experience is not doubted: Hardy's own story, as Miss Hardy shows, resembled many which he told. English, he remains a part of England: his importance is something more than "literary." In her criticism of the poems and novels, Miss Hardy touches on something at their core: her book could serve, apart from anything else, as an excellent introduction to his work.

★ ★ ★

THE ALDERMAN'S SON, by Gerald Bullett (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), is a novel about Shakespeare's childhood and youth. The author tells us that it is pure fiction; as such, it has considerable probability. Sixteenth-century England, Stratford-on-Avon and its townspeople are evoked vividly, much as they might have appeared to the wideopen eyes of the lad Will. There is something zestful and natural about this re-creation of young experience: it was Shakespeare's likeness to all mankind which was to make him mankind's poet. No one, I think, in reading *The Alderman's Son*, should feel that Mr. Bullett has taken liberties.



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LEYNE—GLANVILLE

Mr. Jeremy O'Connell Leyne, youngest son of Mr. Gerald Leyne, of Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, and of the late Mrs. Leyne, married at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, Miss Joan Evelyn Glanville, youngest daughter of Mr. Harold Glanville, J.P., and Mrs. Glanville, of Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E.10

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

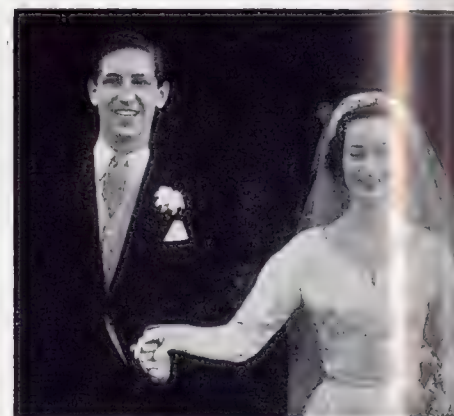


Miss Marguerite Isabel Hilda Morris-Eyton, daughter of Col. C. R. Morris-Eyton, of Mazoe, S. Rhodesia and Mrs. M. V. Morris-Eyton, of Edinburgh, is engaged to Mr. Nicholas G. A. Browne, son of Major and Mrs. A. Browne, of S. Rhodesia



ATTWELL-THOMAS—BELL

At St. Augustine's, Wembley Park, Mr. Richard George Attwell-Thomas, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Attwell-Thomas, of Blackwood, Monmouthshire, married Miss Penny Elizabeth Bell, only daughter of Lt.-Cdr. E. L. Bell and Mrs. J. C. Bell, of Queen's Court, Wembley Park



EVANS—EVANS

Mr. Philip George Holt Evans, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Austen Evans, of Field Cottage, Heronsgate, Herts, and Miss Elizabeth Ann Evans, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Picton Evans, of Meadowside, Chorleywood, Herts, married at Chorleywood Parish Church



Lenare

Miss Delfina Margaret Ellen Innes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Innes, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Rowland Slater Guy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Guy, of Sauchieleigh, Alburghton, Shropshire



NEWING—EASTON

Instructor Lt.-Cdr. Antony Newing, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Newing, of Plymstock, Devon, and Miss Anne Rosemary Eleonore Easton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric H. Easton, of Almond Avenue, Ickenham, Middlesex, were married at St. Giles's, Ickenham



ALMOND—GLOCK

At St. Catherine's R.C. Church, Littlehampton, Sussex, Dr. Francis Anthony Almond, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Almond, of Blackpool, Lancs, married Miss Diana Judith Glock, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Glock, of Rustington, Sussex



The TATLER is always happy to consider photographs of recent weddings and engagements. The insertion of such photographs is wholly a matter for the Editor's decision and is subject to space considerations. No payment is accepted in any circumstances



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News from every man's angle

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Wellington (Somerset) XV. Back: S. Rowe, W. Vickery, B. Oaten, J. Marke, J. Pincombe, B. E. Clarke. Middle: G. H. Perry (team sec.), H. E. Bryant, G. Marke, R. Jordan, G. S. Goodland (hon. sec.), H. Giles, F. Parrot (committee), E. Pyne (committee). Front row: E. Leach (trainer), D. Faulton, J. D. Hookway, H. Sherwin (capt.), I. W. Macey, R. Masters. On ground: D. Austin, W. Radford

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

WELLINGTON

FOR eight decades Rugby football has been played at Wellington, the ancient Somerset town at the foot of the Blackdown Hills. It was in the autumn of 1874 that the founder, the late Harry Fox, called a meeting at his house of persons interested, and explained the game of Rugby using a blackboard for illustration purposes. From this rather primitive beginning the club, under the guidance of its founder, soon forged ahead, and in the course of a few years gained recognition as one of the strongest clubs in the West Country. Two outstanding events of 1877 were the removal of the club to its present well-equipped enclosure and the appointment of John Menley as secretary, to serve the club for nearly twenty years.

Encouraging as these early years had been, it was around the end of the century that Wellington reached its zenith when such notable internationals as H. T. Gamlin, considered by many as the greatest full back of all time, P. J. Ebdon, P. F. Hancock, F. H. Fox, R. Forrest and A. E. Thomson wore the red and black jersey of the club.

THAT the early members did not lack initiative is shown by the minute book of 1879. Then the club played an evening match against nearby Taunton by electric light, an innovation that attracted a large gathering, the gate realizing over £30, three times the total income of the club in its first season.

One of the most successful periods of Wellington Rugby during the interim of the two World Wars started appropriately in its Golden Jubilee year, when such strong opponents as Torquay, Exeter and Bridgwater were defeated. Rugby enthusiasts in the west region will recall such names as R. H. Hemburrow, A. V. Twose, E. V. Smith, W. E. Haskins, J. Richards, L. T. Masters and H. Tooze, to mention a few stalwarts of that era.

DURING World War Two the club officially closed down and on the resumption of the game many difficulties confronted Wellington. A number of the most promising young players had been killed, and others had retired, and team building became a vital necessity. Each subsequent postwar season has seen a steady improvement in the standard of play, and although most of the really distinguished football belongs to an earlier age, the present young side under H. W. M. Sherwin shows signs of reviving the glories of the past.

During its eighty years existence the club has supplied many players to the county side. On one occasion in 1888, eight Wellington men appeared in the same Somerset XV, and in recent years I. W. Macey (eighteen appearances), F. H. Discombe, F. Locke and P. E. G. Smith have been honoured by the western county.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

It is always heartening when one comes across new voices on gramophone records, especially when they not only show promise but entirely justify the time and patience spent on them by the technical staff. Two such voices are those of a young Chilean singer Lucho Gatica, who is about to be launched, and a young and highly promising singer and movie actor Vic Damone, who returns to the screen in the forthcoming M-G-M musical *Hit The Deck*.

Damone has worked since he was ten years of age, taking singing lessons when he could afford the money and time. It was Joe Pasternak, the M-G-M producer, who gave him his film chance in *Rich, Young And Pretty*. That was prior to his service in the U.S. Army, which he recently completed. Four years ago, his first recording "I Had But One Heart," sold a million copies, and of the 150 recordings he has made, at least two others have reached that same sales mark. Little is known of him here, but I am sure that he has the voice, intelligence and appearance to become one of the top light vocalists of the day, if not the top light vocalist. He gives a masterly performance, backed by Richard Hayman's Orchestra, of "Ebb Tide" coupled with "If I Could Make You Mine." Damone has a voice to remember, and is being launched on a career to watch. (Oriole CB1226.)

Robert Tredinnick

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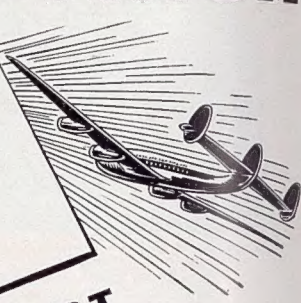


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